Warburton looked upon as an impossibility. He (Mr. Leake) had had the pleasure of knowing most of the explorers in Australia. He had known the Gregorys, Mr. Austin, Colonel Warburton, Sir George Grey, and others. When John Forrest arrived in South Australia he received an ovation that had scarcely been equalled even by that which was given in that loyal colony to royalty. He was met by more than 20,000 people. He was fêted in every way. Theatres were under the distinguished patronage of Mr. John Forrest, and foundation stones were laid by Mr. John Forrest; but John Forrest remained John Forrest still. He returned to Western Australia the same kindly, humble-minded man that he left it. The Geographical Society would find that John Forrest was a cool, practical adventurer, whom they would do themselves good to honour. The Society had given Colonel Warburton its gold medal; and before he left England he trusted that John Forrest would also receive the gold medal.

A Fellow asked how the natives managed to live in the country through which Mr. Forrest had travelled?

The PRESIDENT said that the natives existed in exactly the same way as Mr. Forrest and Colonel Warburton existed, but they were acquainted with the water which European travellers had to discover by accident. Undoubtedly there was water in the country in small quantities, and at considerable intervals, and in secluded spots. The natives were acquainted with those spots, but such travellers as Mr. Forrest and Colonel Warburton had to find them out for themselves. Colonel Warburton had stated that by following the tracks of the natives he was frequently enabled to find water, and there could be no doubt that Mr. Forrest had adopted the same plan. The southern part of Western Australia was being sporadically colonised as there were found certain portions available for colonisation. It was not known whether similar spots existed farther to the north. He hoped that during the present session the Society would have the advantage of seeing Mr. Forrest, and hearing from him personally the results of his own observations in the country.

2.—*Journey from the Pangani, viâ Wadigo, to Mombasa.*

By the Rev. CHARLES NEW.

Mombasa, East Africa,
Sept. 3, 1874.

SINCE my return to Eastern Africa I have accomplished a journey from the River Pangani through Usambara onwards, by way of the Wasegeju and Wadigo, to Mombasa, and I have a few notes thereon which I think it may be worth while to communicate.

Vuga has been visited before by Krapf, Erhardt, and, more lately, by Allington: Burton and Speke made their way in company to the outskirts of the Usambara country. Most of these gentlemen having written something upon the subject, I may not have anything very new to say; but I think it may, nevertheless, be worth while to remind you, particularly at this time, that there is such a country in existence. If East Africa is to become a free country, every foot of land, especially near the coast, will acquire a value hitherto unknown, but Usambara possesses many characteristics which will make it particularly important.

The Pangani is a large body of water. The banks are low, but, judging from the abundant vegetation, very fertile. The Arabs and Wasuahili are cultivating them on both sides, and, of course, by slave-labour. Upon these productive districts I fear the Arabs, finding they cannot get slaves at Zanzibar, Pemba, &c., will come and establish themselves. Here there is nothing to prevent them getting any number of slaves; so that the effect of the late treaty with the Sultan of Zanzibar will be just to remove slavery from one place to another, from the islands to the mainland. I cannot help thinking that if slavery itself be not rooted out, the above result, with very disastrous consequences, will take place very largely.

The Pangani cannot be ascended above Tongue on account of falls, which are reported as being very fine and the roar of whose waters at the distance of a couple of miles, I can testify, falls like low thunder upon the ear.

Two marches from Tongue brought us to the south-western foot of the Usambara hills; the Ruvu, as I must now call the river, being very near on the left. Beyond this the river splits up into many parts, forming a kind of irregular chain-work, a number of small islands being the result. Upon these islands the Wasegua have built their villages, thus securing themselves against the attacks of the Masai, who, bold as they are, hesitate to pursue their prey across deep water; and numerous as the divisions in the river are about here, they, nevertheless, form deep moats, or rush by in broad, strong, and really dangerous torrents, sometimes surrounding the villages two and three-fold.

The Wasegua are a numerous, interesting, and well-to-do people, following both pastoral and agricultural pursuits. The semi-civilization of the coast has had much more influence upon them than upon the Wanika, for instance, and their original garb and arms have been thrown aside for the dress and musket of the Wasuahili. The presence, too, of an abundant supply of water seems to have suggested to them the propriety of washing themselves and clothes, so that, for East Africa, they are clean people. But we must not be hard upon the less clean, for it frequently happens that in such cases there is a scarcity of water, and the people therefore use oil as a substitute.

The Wasegua occupy the district lying between the coast people and the Ruvu on the one hand, and the Wasagara and Wanugú on the other.

On our sixth stage (they were short ones) from Tongue we reached Makuyuni (Among the Sycamores). Here we halted, in order to

send messengers to the chiefs Samboja and Kimweri, and to inform them of our desire to visit them.

On the third day after we heard from Samboja, to the effect that he would meet us at Mombo, a village about midway between Vuga and his own residence, for maneno (palaver).

Complying with this arrangement, we proceeded to Mombo, and found Samboja seated outside a poorly stockaded village, beneath a large tamarind-tree, and surrounded by about 300 of the wildest-looking fellows I ever saw; every man armed with a flint-musket, and most with a sword of some sort.

I was surprised to find Samboja in appearance and dress an Arab; with white kanzu, black surtout braided over the shoulders with tinsel, coloured girdle and turban, sword and dagger mounted in silver, an oblong case of silver like a large snuff-box, and stuffed with charms, at his breast, he presented a great contrast to his poorly-clad brigand-like followers. I expected to have met a tall, fine, black, shaggy, fierce, lion-like sort of man; yet here was a short, stooping, yellow, haggard, tame-looking fellow, not at all imposing or impressive at first sight. But I soon found that, with a high nervous temperament, he was sharp, short, active, energetic, and resolute. I told him my errand, whereupon he said in substance:—"Very well. But you can't go to Vuga; you can't see Kimweri, my son; you *may* follow me to Masinde. Give me any present you have for the King, and I will then see you safe out of the country." This was said with a cool decision which I could not mistake. I saw he was afraid that, having come to him through one portion of his foes, I might have some secret understanding with them. I yielded to him for the time, and went to Masinde, situate upon the north-west slopes of the mountains. The end of this was that I was enabled to disabuse Samboja of all suspicion, and he consented to do my utmost wish.

The way to Vuga from Masinde was in a backward course S.E., and the march between the two places turned out to be a very hard day's work. Midway between the places we faced the mountain's side and began the ascent. It was extremely stiff climbing, and for the men and their loads it was cruel work. Up, up, up, then down and up, for three hours, we at length approached Vuga; but, instead of being led into the town, were taken round to a small kraal on the other side of it, and told that *that* was to be our place of abode.

Vuga is built upon the very top of a rounded peak, some 4700 feet, by aneroid barometer, above the level of the sea. It comprises between two and three hundred small cone-shaped huts, plastered

with mud within and thatched without, but room for them all is only found by hewing out ledges from the sides of the peak. The town is entirely without defences, except those of a natural kind. Valleys drop to great depths on all sides of it, and it can only be reached by the steepest acclivities. The prospect it commands is very fine. There are mountain peaks, the loftiest of which cannot be less than 7000 feet above the sea-level: these present every variety of shape; there are ridges upon ridges, rising one above another till lost in the clouds; there are rocks and crags and "threatening steeps" *ad infinitum;* there are enormous valleys, gloomy ravines, and glens as romantic as Glencoe; there are dark majestic forests, compact woods, wildernesses of brown jungle, expanses of tall, waving grass, beautiful slopes of short, green turf, and everywhere patches of cultivated land, fresh and verdant as an Eden; brooks, and streams, and torrents trickle and murmur, tumble and splash and roar on all sides. The morning-dawns are often gloomy, but are sometimes very fine, particularly from the elevated spots when the clouds and mists are below you, lit up by the sun, and rolled by the wind in all manner of fantastic shapes; the sunsets are often gorgeous, and the play of colour, light, and shade upon clouds, mountains, and valleys, such as no pen could describe or brush depict. Such is the kind of scenery which passes before the eye, as in a grand panorama, during the course of a single day's ramble among the mountains of Usambara. Justice has not been done to this south-eastern Abyssinia, and I cannot hope to do more than just call attention to some of its leading features and really remarkable beauty.

Among the picturesque beauties of the neighbourhood of Usambara perhaps I ought to mention the presence of a lake at a short day's march north-west of Masinde. From the accounts of the natives it is about nine miles in length and one-third, or less than one-third of that in breadth. I saw it both from Masinde and from the heights of Vuga. I had never heard of this lake before. It is called Mangu. It derives its waters from the north-western portion of Usambara Mountains, and sends off its surplus by the Mkomazi into the Ruvu.

The soil in the neighbourhood of Vuga, and indeed almost everywhere, is a deep red; and the rocks—cropping out of the mountain sides, crowning the highest peaks, and lying in the beds of most torrents—are granitic and quartzose. But the stream, taking its course round the north side of Vuga, flows over beds of sandstone. Coal is said to have been sent from Usambara to Zanzibar, but, though I tried hard, I did not succeed in obtaining a

specimen. The natives brought me charcoal, bearing evidence, however, of its having been dug from beneath the surface. They insisted, however, that *bonâ fide* steam-ship coal, as they called it, from the assurances of the Wasuahili, did exist in their country. The soil is evidently very fertile, and from the constant accumulation of clouds and frequent rains never suffers from drought. Almost anything might be raised here. A basket of fine ginger was sent me by the king: it grows wild, and the natives cultivate it for their own use. At present plantains and Indian corn are the staple articles cultivated and consumed by the Wasambara. The coco-nut palm they will not cultivate, on account of a superstitious belief that wherever that useful tree is planted their enemies will prevail.

The climate during my stay at Vuga, with the exception now and then of a few hours at midday, was delightfully cool, the temperature being below the malaria-generating point; so that I should say the country presents all the advantages of a sanatarium to the future civilisers of East Africa. Sometimes we had the bright, clear, cool, early spring weather of home; but sometimes it was more like our September.

The population of Usambara is not large, and appears to be becoming less and less. The country is in a far less flourishing state in this respect than it was at the time of Dr. Krapf's visit. This is owing to the intestine feuds which have rent the people into factions ever since the death of Kimweri the Great. Almost every son of the old man—and he had many—seems to have thought his claim to succeed his father equally good; each managed to secure some friends and supporters, so, throwing themselves headlong at each other, they have dashed themselves to pieces. Evidences of more flourishing days, larger population and considerable possessions in herds and flocks, meet you everywhere—in vacant villages, in wildernesses that once were plantations, and in broad, well-made paths, judiciously carried round instead of over the mountains, now wholly neglected and altogether impassable. The people of former days, as compared with those of the present time, were not only more numerous and well-to-do, but they were much more clever, enterprising, and energetic. War has had not a little to do in producing this result. But, to go further, the supposed advantages of war have been its perpetuation. No doubt love of victory and love of power are elements in this case; but love of money—greed of gain—has not been a minor consideration. Well, in almost every battle some will be taken prisoners, and the existence of *slavery* upon the coast makes these a valuable acqui-

sition. They can be sold—turned into ready money—whatever the people care for most; so that *slavery* has not a little to do, even from this standpoint, with the continuance of these quarrels which have so long torn Africa to pieces.

The present people of Usambara may be said to comprise three distinct tribes or races. The Wakilinde, who are the ruling section; the Wambugu, who look more like naturalised subjects from other parts; and the Wasambara themselves, who are the aborigines. The Wakilinde appear to me to be of Arab origin, their forefathers having obtained supremacy at an early period. The Wambugu look not unlike degenerate Wakuavi, who, driven to Usambara for refuge by their foes, have, in the course of time, lost their language, and become assimilated to the people with whom they are living, in everything but an unalterable physique and a few incorrigible manners and customs. The Wasambara are just what you would expect to find the aborigines of such a country to be. Kimweri claimed relationship with the people of Chaga, and this would rather support than militate against my theory. The two peoples are in many respects very similar; for instance, in their love of hills, in their form of government, and in their physical conformation. These, however, are only suggestions rather than authoritative data upon the subject.

After a stay of more than a week at Vuga, during which time I was treated with the most generous hospitality by the young king Kimweri, whose chief request in return was that I would obtain for him about a score of cannon and a number of men to make gunpowder for him, I took my leave of the place. I cut across the mountains in a north-easterly direction, passed up fine valleys more than 4000 feet above the level of the sea, ascended ridges and peaks more than 6000 feet in height, and descended to the plain on the northern side of the block. We were five days in doing this, and though we did not travel all day, such was the severity of the task that my men, who were not novices in African travel, said they were never so worn out in their lives.

Our way now ran in a somewhat out-of-the-way course, at first towards Buiti, in the country of the Wasegeju, then in a direct line through the low lands of the Wadigo to Mombasa, which we reached in forty-five days after our departure from Zanzibar.

Colonel GRANT said he knew Mr. New personally, and was sure the Society would miss very much the admirable remarks that he was accustomed to send home. He was the only person who had ever ascended as far as the perpetual snows on Kilima-Njaro, and his recent journey was a very interesting one, as it showed that there was a very fertile region in that part of Africa, and also that there was a great field for missionaries. He hoped that some

one would be found to succeed him who would be able do as much as Mr. New had in the way of extending geographical knowledge. Mr. Wakefield, who was still at Mombas, was also a great geographer. He had been longer in the country than Mr. New, and was equally well acquainted with the languages. He, too, had on several occasions sent home accounts of routes that he had learned from natives who had been far to the westward; and these routes had been published in the 'Journal' of the Society, forming very valuable additions to the geographical knowledge of that part of the world.

THE PRESIDENT read the following letter that had been received from the Rev. Mr. Wakefield on the subject Mr. New's death:—

"MY DEAR MR. BATES, Ribe, East Africa, March 11th, 1875.

"I have very sad news: poor Mr. New is dead! He died in Durūma, only a short distance from here, on the 14th of last month, on his way from Chága to the coast. He seems to have had a very severe and prolonged attack of dysentery. The journey, too, was evidently very harassing and fatiguing. I was quite shocked when I first heard the news of his illness, for he wrote me a note only a few hours before he died; and I did not know that he was anywhere in the neighbourhood. I hastened at once to his relief, with medicine, wine, provisions, &c., but only in time to bring the corpse to the station for burial.

"His notes, instruments, and other property, have all come safely to hand.

"I wish I could write you more largely, but it is midnight, and I am wearied out with writing letters on this sad subject.

"In haste, believe me very sincerely yours,

"THOMAS WAKEFELD."

The PRESIDENT added that the route that Mr. New followed from the coast to Vuga, the chief town of Usambara, was very much the same as that followed by Burton and Speke in 1857; but the continuation of the route to Mombas was through an entirely new country.

Mr. HUTCHINSON, after remarking that the route from Vuga to Mombasa had, he thought, been traversed by Dr. Krapf, said that the Church Missionary Society, with which he was connected, had a mission at Kisulidini, and on Sunday, the 14th of February, a letter was brought in to the missionary, Mr. Price, from Mr. New, stating that he was returning from the Chaga country, and was in a very weak state, suffering from fever, diarrhœa, and dysentery, and asking for help. Provisions and a palanquin were instantly sent to him, but he was dead before they reached him. The Mission was established by Dr. Krapf, on his return to Africa in 1865, and very much had been looked for from the explorations of Mr. New, who had been endeavouring to penetrate to Kilima-Njaro; one of his objects being to ascertain if there were in the uplands of the Chaga country any places that might be used as sanataria. His effects were being brought home to England by two missionaries, one of whom was Mr. Rebmann, who, with Dr. Krapf, had discovered Kilima-Njaro.

The PRESIDENT expressed the deep sympathy of the meeting with Mr. New's family, with the Missionary Society to which he belonged, and with the Geographical world at large, in the great loss that had been sustained by Mr. New's untimely death. He promised to be a most useful member of the Missionary Society and an ornament to the Geographical Society, of which he had lately been made an honorary member.

The PRESIDENT then read the following communication from Colonel Gordon, of the Egyptian Expedition in Central Africa:—